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THE PRICKED EAR

In silent mid-night
Our old scarecrow topples down...
Weird hollow echo

Boncho

Vol. VI Staff: Dolan, Gott, Morse No. 6
Ed.: R.C.Emerson Mulherin, Nemitz, Phelps April 12, 1960

THE ORACLE

The mysterious powers which guide the destiny of the Gryphon Society have spoken. They have said: "LET THE GRYPHON SOCIETY HAVE A MOTTO!" Unfortunately, the next part of the message was garbled, and I didn't have any more money for the Oracle, so, Fellow Gryphons, we are thrust back on our own resources. Do you have any suggestions? Please relay them before Saturday to Denis Mulherin, Richards 222.
D.M.

THE OLD MAN GRYPHON DEPT:

David Douglas Eyer was born in June 1938, attended Hamburg, Pa., schools where he was prolific both in studies and athletics: second (to J. Hackworth) of 63 in his class, and with eight letters in soccer, basketball and tennis.

Dave, now one of the senior counselors in Richards House, will receive his B.S. in Mining Engineering in June, and will move on to Morgantown, W.Va., where he has been contracted by the Christopher Coal Co. But not alone. To combat the possibility of being isolated in a mining town, Dave made another contract. To one Irene Riegel on Jan. 2, 1960, to be his life's partner.

Dave's best characteristics are ambition, enthusiasm and a good sense of humor, favoring the bombastic over the subtle and simplicity over snobbery, happier in the woods fishing than in Grace Hall dancing. He has one helluva temper if overly aggravated. U.C. spaghetti, money collectors, and Gryphon banquets rate fairly low, while beating J. Persnickity at anything from pinochle to ping-pong-basketball is the greatest fun.
John Keyser

NOTICES

The special poetry issue is coming up soon so get your material in to R.C.E.

The Houseparty Questionnaire you should have received yesterday must be in the hands of Jim Rice by tonight, Tuesday, with the required money. He lives in Dravo B-212.

Gryphon Banquet, this Tuesday night at 5:30 in Room 303 of the U.C. Following a short Business Meeting, Prof. Feaver, Assistant Professor of Classical Languages will speak. Please make an effort to arrive a little before 5:30 so that the banquet will get started on time.

Thanks to Tom Brunt for chairmaning the Saturday night party.

Next party, Houseparty!

The Residence Halls room applications are not due until the second week in May.

The Staff of Dravo House is requested to watch out who they loan master keys to.

Drinker House meeting Friday 7:00 P.M.

Richards House meeting Monday 10:30 P.M.

Weekend Duty	<u>Dravo</u>	<u>Drinker</u>	<u>Richards</u>
	Brunt	Krupnick	
	Carleton	Lambert	

MOVIES

		<u>Bethlehem</u>
College	Tues.:	Sink the Bismarck
	Starts Wed.:	Kidnapped (of Robert L. Stevenson fame)
Boyd	Tues.:	Masters of the Congo Jungle
	Starts Wed.:	Wake Me Up When It's Over (a rather poor film -CTG)
Globe	Tues.:	Hypnotic Eye & Atomic Submarine
	Starts Wed.:	Visit to a Small Planet
Nile	Tues.:	Who Was That Lady
	Starts Wed.:	Because They're Young (Dick Clark)
		<u>Allentown</u>
Boyd	Tues.:	Sink The Bismarck
	Starts Wed.:	Wake Me When It's Over
Colonial	Tues.-Wed.:	Who Was That Lady
	Starts Thurs.:	Visit to a Small Planet

Earle	Tues.:	Babette Goes to War
	Starts Wed.:	Because They're Young
19th St.	Tues.-Thurs.:	Solomon and Sheba
	Starts Fri.:	Room at the Top
Rialto	Tues.:	Home From the Hill
	Starts Wed.:	Kidnapped

EX-GRYPHONIA

Here; we include a timely piece written by an ex-Gryphon President, Walt Grabowski, Class of '58. It is a take-off on Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem," whose original poem appears below for comparison. Walt, by the way, is now a technical writer and editor in the Computer Division of Philco Corp. at Willow Grove. He has been with Philco since December. His new address is 102 Greenwood Ave., Jenkintown, Pa.

Mehda Neb Uoba (A Gryphon)

Mehda Neb Uoba, may his fledglings be brave!
Awoke one day from a dream in his cave,
And noted, midst the shadows in the gloom,
By eerie light now filling all the room,
A cub reporter scribbling on a page of yellow:-

Exceeding confidence had made the monster confident (what else),
And to this shady presence he addressed a query,
"What scribblest you now to make this campus weary?"--The newsman
sneered.

Then with a gleam foreboding notesome scoop,
Answered, 'I list the names of all the men on campus by their
living group,'

'And is mine one?' said Mehda. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the newsman. Mehda now spoke low,
But hopefully yet; and said, 'At least, by gosh,
Put me down as one who loves his frosh.' *

The reporter scribbled and then dashed off to meet his deadline.
The issue next

South Mountain once again was vexed,
The BROWN AND WHITE each Lehigh man had writ as kith'd,
And lo! The Gryphon led the list of those it myth'd.

* This line is inscribed on every Gryphon's mug. (Drinking,
that is.)

G.R. Phonski

ABOU BEN ADHEM. (1844)

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"--The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

PLEASE PICK UP YOUR SECOND SET OF CENSUS FORMS AT M-M OFFICE
IMMEDIATELY.

